



Lindsay Wincherauk

**MAY 2023**

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## I'VE WORKED AS

I'm riding my ten speed five miles to the Coachman Restaurant in Market Mall (Saskatoon). I'm 12, it's my first day of work, as a dishwasher + busboy at the restaurant. My mum runs the kitchen. My bikes named Lightening. *I made that up.* Pump. Pump. Pump. Quads burning. Head down. Ground racing below my feet. Smash. Back wheel flips upward. Head slams into the trunk of a Buick. Ouch. Bike slams back to ground. *Balls. Hurt. Deflate.* Three blocks to go. Wash a dish. Little old server ladies tell me check under the sugar shaker on that table over there → I lift it up. 75-cents are hidden underneath. The little old server ladies smile at me. *That's for you.* It was 1972. A woman gets up from her seat. Turns right. Smash. She walks through the glass window facing the inner mall. Blood everywhere. She lived. I think.

Maybe she loves walking through glass.

Would you like a job as a Gardiner?

Sure. I'm 16. I thought gardening was outdoors.

It is, but we need these fridges and stoves carried up these narrow stairways into these apartments. After you're done, if you'd like; you can have a sip from the green-rusted-hose, over their.

Naïve is Evian backward, Bob.

Mum, can I wait tables.

Are you ready?

I can see glass.

Cool, \$1.10 per hour.

**BARTEND**  
BARTEND

Linds, do you want to work at my dad's Greek Restaurant as a bartender?

Do I!?!

Cam, I prefer to be called, Yasd. Let's party. Let's make seven-layered shooters. Pousse Café.



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Bernie (RIP), you've just drunk three 48-ounce beers, are you sure you want another one. Yes?

Okay, here you go. What are you doing, Bernie?

Splash. 48-ounces of beer tossed in my face. Bernie, come back. Bernie's running.

Three weeks later, sorry about the beer. Okay. Would you like another? Serving it right?

Hey, Earl's Manager, I'd prefer to be a bartender.

First, you will wait tables. Okay.

## TYLER

*"Tyler was raised in a construction family..."*

Yes, his dad was the Vice President of one of Canada's largest construction companies. This allowed Tyler to be used by the company's owner (Darren), who saw an opportunity to exploit Tyler's privilege because he thought it would benefit him.

Of course, everyone on this planet who never goes to university has a Mercedes, boat, and a collection of \$10,000 watches.

Regardless of how hard Tyler works he will never be able to escape his father's influence on his life. Tyler is a hard worker. But who cares? Especially, if he lacks the self-awareness to realize he's being used and would have never been in the position he's in if it wasn't for who his father is?

Nothing sucks more than an entitled person who isn't self-aware enough to understand he/she is entitled.

Coming from privilege, and a broken construction family home (dysfunctional) allowed him to rebel in his youth. It also allowed him to escape the stress of getting a higher education because he never had to worry about money.

*Blah. Blah. Blah.* He worked hard every day. "Spanned the entire..." puke?

When Tyler started out at Darren's company, he was in eons over his head and was carried by other dedicated team member(s).

Tyler excels at binge drinking. He even lost his drivers license entertaining clients.

Tyler on several occasions, doesn't even bother to learn the support staff's names because he understands they are grossly underpaid and their tenure at the company is often short, so, why bother?

And besides, none of them were born into entitlement so they haven't earned their hard work.

It must be sad going through life and on your resume under qualifications the only thing listed is who your father is.

WAITING TABLES  
WAITING TABLES

Ten glasses of water dropped on the guest at the end of the table.

Sorry. Would you like a shampoo packet.

Yasd, go home for the day.

Three weeks later.

Yasd, you seem to sell a lot of features.

Yes, it's easier that way.

Are all the guests ordering the features.

Probably not.

Do you want to bartend?

Sounds good.

Pousse Café.

**BARTEND**  
BARTEND

Ouch.

Knee injury.

Yasd, do you want to run my hotel, you can't bartend without legs?

I have legs.

Ignore the number of welfare cheques I cash from dead people.

Dead people get cheques?

No. I get theirs.

Sounds reasonable.

Yasd, it's time for you to go, I think you know too much.

Welcome to the Hotel California.  
WELCOME TO THE HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Are all the assholes related?

Yes.

I knew it.

I'll bartend.

**NIGHT SECURITY**  
NIGHT SECURITY

First, I'll protect the buildings from night prowlers.

Mike why are you setting the paint cannisters on the sidewalk?

Never mind.

I'll put them back inside the site.

Mike some guy in a Van stopped where you had put the cannisters, he looked confused.

Yasd, why are the cannisters...?

Mike and I work from 6 PM to 6 AM. Mike went home at 6:15 PM (nightly) and returned to work at 5:45 AM (the next day). He's paid more than me.

Three guys break into the site. They are trying to take the cannisters. I confront them. I tell them I'm a hallucination.

This freaks them out.

They run.



**FORKLIFT DRIVER**  
FORKLIFT DRIVER

Forklift driving is(n't) fun. Vroom.

Here's your five high-end air-conditioning units. Let me help you put them in the back of your truck. Go on now. Have a great day.

Yasd, can I have the purchase order for the air-conditioning units.

No.

They didn't have one.

I'll go home now.

Thanks, fo the work.

## FORKLIFT DRIVER: PART 2

I need cash.

Tragedy lucks.

I land a job at a sporting goods wholesaler, John Martens.

I worked alongside a co-worker named Tom – tasked with picking orders and restacking pallets 15’ in the air, top-shelf. I stood on the forks of the forklift, heaving boxes from one pallet to the next. I twisted and went to throw a box on a pallet to my left. I lost balance. My arms desperately spun in a circular motion. I began bending my body into a panicked limbo to the sound of the hum of the forklift’s engine. *I was going to die.* The inevitability of me crashing headfirst into the concrete floor below cracking my skull open, with my brain matter oozing out of my fractured skull while Tom watched with mouth agape, a certainty.

**SMASH**

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Tom began to vomit, screamed out for help; Tom’s screams were too late. I died. Tom trembled in the dread of what transpired. Tears began gushing from Tom’s eyes.

Tom blinked. He looked at the forks of the forklift. My arms were still flailing. Tom had prepared himself for the outcome he was about to witness, accepting it already was reality.

I wheezed. I cried out, **NO**. My feet left the forks – at the last possible moment and with The Reaper egging me on, I spun my arms violently in one final frantic circular motion. My open right hand grabbed onto a linked chain hanging down from the warehouse ceiling. I hung on with all my might, dangling, weaving in the air like the hands of a cuckoo clock. Tom lingered, looking skyward, dumfounded. I shrieked for help. It took Tom more than a few seconds to realize I hadn’t strewn my brain matter on the floor. Tom finessed the forklift under me and lowered me back to earth.

I crumpled into a ball on the floor.

COLOURFAST  
COLOURFAST



I drive to Nipawin, Saskatchewan.

Hello, Marge, I love your salon (Hair Today). Let me demonstrate our semi-permanent hair colours.

Wash. Wash. Lather.

Leave it on for ten, twenty, thirty, minutes, I don't know. Would you love a crate of mouse and gel.

Yasd, you're dreamy.

Go on now, Marge, I'm blushing.

Come back soon.

I will, then we can wash out the colour.

NHL LEGENDARY COACH  
NHL LEGENDARY COACH



Spy versus Spy. Open vest. Chest heaving. Mine. Smoke rising. Music pumping. Big Bamboo.

We're (the models) hot.

I'm hot.

Model hot.

I'm hair modelling in a room full of hair professionals.

They drool.

I've brought a date. I can't recall her name, so I will call her, Date. She's an RCMP officer.

THE SHOW ENDS  
THE SHOW ENDS

The coach of the Montreal Canadiens is making out with his sister at a dark corner table. I don't think it was his sister. Gross. Gross, because it wasn't his sister? Did I say sister? I meant wife. I don't think it was his wife? Blow job. My wonky knee gives out. I sit on the top of the stairs. The bouncer asks me to leave. I tell him about my wonky knee. He begins pushing me.

My date, pummels the bouncer.

I feel emaciated.

My date, and I don't date again.

The bouncer bleeds.

## BARTENDING AGAIN BARTENDING AGAIN

Whitey is visiting from Saskatoon. I have a cold. I drink a bottle of cough syrup. Whitey and I drink a reasonable 20 Rainier each (in 16 hours). The next day, I puke an infinite number of times. How can it be infinite? Because every time I still puke, it's because of that day.

That is still not infinite.

What?

You will die one day.

Fuck off.

Whitey is a ginger.

I'm selling insurance. To the farm implement dealer and auto dealer across the street from Hair Today. I stop in to see Marge. You can rinse out the colour now. It's been three years. I can see metal sticking out of my car's tires. I think they are wearing out. I'll drive faster.

## INSURANCE INSURANCE

I'm selling insurance. To the farm implement dealer and auto dealership across the street from Hair Today. I stop in to see Marge. You can rinse out the colour now. *It's been three years.*

I can see metal sticking out of my car's tires. I think they are wearing out. I'll drive faster.

Okay, Mr. Farm/Car guy, I know you are the king of this town. What are you 68 now? You've drank two bottles of scotch per day and have smoked three packs of darts per day for 67 years? You want to give the business to your son and have your daughter paid off and out of the business? Let me get my manager Glenn. I know shit. Glenn is the man.

Hi, Glenn.

Hi, Farm/Car Guy. The only way we can fulfill your wishes is with business continuation insurance with a buy/sell agreement (I just remembered that while typing). The full ticket price, because Farm/Car Guy – it makes no sense you are still breathing, well, the full ticket price is \$13,000 per month.

Let's do it, Glenn.

I'm great at my job. Sure, hate it. I'll use Glenn.

Correction: Glenn's good at my job.

I better bartend for a bit.

Laid = bartending.

CITY WORK  
CITY WORK

I'm working for the city. They pay us for this? – wow.

**Today's Task:** move that stuff over there → here.

**Tomorrow's Task:** move that stuff here → over there.

*You're the boss.*

My co-worker is Laurence Laliberte (we work in teams of two). He's indigenous. He wants to be my stripper manager. *I'm not a stripper.* We work together for three years.

He doesn't drink.

Rum and Coke doesn't count.

He threatened me once with the garbage picker (a hockey stick with a nail in it).

I was given the job of driving a riding mower.

Laurence was tasked with the shitty job of dragging a lawnmower behind him to cut the edges of industrial boulevards. Rocks flying. Smash. Car window shattered.

Laurence worked hard.

I went on vacation.

Each time the foreman visited our location, Laurence told him I was in the washroom.

Sometimes, I went golfing.

I formed opinions about Indians being lazy. While I was at the waterpark.

Asshole.

Who?

You.

I'm better now.

#1 MIXED TAPE DJ  
#1 MIXED TAPE DJ

Yasd, you have a lot of music.

I do?

That's what I've heard. Anyway, you are not going on the road trip with the team, and we are throwing a Husky Howler Fundraiser. You want to DJ it. We'll rent the gear. Pay you \$20. And free beer.

I need a washroom break. A pause. Before I play the next song.

Hey, Mr. DJ, we're in Saskatchewan, can you play some Country Music?

No. How about Bronski Beat?

Who?

The Communards?

Stop. You're scaring me.

Okay, I'll play one song, The Devil Went Down to Georgia.

Thank you.

No need to thank me, I'm just playing it so I can watch you dance. And have your fucking soul stolen.



I've enjoyed sharing a selection of the jobs I've had. I've come to a challenging place. The one job (career) not listed here is the last one. I was fucking stellar at it. I did everything asked of me and more. It was at least the tenth time I was the loyalist and unquestionably the best employee. It was to be the job I took to retirement, allowing me to switch to a final career as a writer.

But no.

Not being raised in a construction family made me expendable.

The people who chose to do this to a good man can only be described as monsters.

As depression, stress, and stress-related sickness set in, I don't know what will come next.

Yesterday, I was afraid to fall asleep because I thought if I did, that was the end of my line.

I feel a little better now, but I can't crap solid. Stress is eating away at my insides.

I was supposed to mitigate the losses of the fuckers who hurt me by finding a new career. Fuck off.

Was I supposed to hop into a time machine and go back a half-century and bus tables?

Was I supposed to apply to bartend at places that want attractive young people, not wisdom?

Was I fucking supposed to be a DJ? WTF?

I hate what these people have done to my family.

Desperation is setting in.

The pain is unrelenting.

What is a person in their sixties supposed to do when their livelihood is taken away from their family?

The economic and emotional toll is unrelenting. It is unrecoverable. It is fucking life-threatening. I can't crap solid.

I must do something.

I must...



I'm standing outside AS Bar. It's a chilly night. 9 Celsius. The fog is murky, needing to be slashed through with a machete. When I entered the Bar, a collection of sketchy mother-fuckers stood around the walls inside, peering at me through blood-soaked eyes. Four people were playing pool. They glared at me.

I approached the wood. Rufus, the bartender, asked me what my pleasure was and then asked me what the fuck I was doing there? I don't belong, he said.

I want a gun, I said.

Rufus told me to shut my fucking mouth.

Rufus walked over to the pool table, and after a short conversation, he retreated to the backroom. When he returned, he handed me a gun with several clips. He asked what I needed it for. Before I could answer, he said, I don't want to know.

I asked him what happened at the table. Rufus told me the pool players said I'm a good man, and if I needed a gun, it must be for a good reason. They had told Rufus they used to work for me, and I always treated them respectfully and not like garbage.

Before I left the Bar with the new hardware, Rufus asked me if, I was sure? Adding the gun was untraceable, the serial number had been removed, and once I finished using it, bring it back, and he would make sure it disappears.

A long pause.

The one thing you must ensure is that nobody sees you pull the trigger, Rufus said.

I told Rufus it won't be me pulling the trigger; many people would be more than willing to pull it for me.

## Who'd pull the trigger?

**H**oward would be willing because Tyler lectured him and then, left a sixty-year-old man in tears and told him to try to find an office job. Tyler had left a desperate man in his sixties in tears. Tyler was thirty-five at the time. Tyler was born into a construction family.

Leo would be more than willing to pull the trigger because Darren had sent him into the mean streets to pick up opioids for him. As Leo went out the door, Darren handed him a little extra cash and told him to get a treat for himself and his GF, Sue. It was that one treat that Sue consumed too much of, and it caused her to pass away in Leo's arms after a few hours, frothing at the mouth in overdose.

When Leo returned to the office searching for work and his next fix, only hours after watching Sue perish, Tyler told Leo that the company could no longer employ Leo unless he got his act together and got off the junk.

Leo had just picked up junk for Darren.

Leo had just watched his GF die.

Or it could be one of the countless people who wonder who the fuck Todd is and why he is driving a \$100,000 vehicle when at the end of a week hauling rebar, their bonus is a coke, and a processed meat sandwich Todd tasked the starving office cleaner with making.

Or it could be...

There is no shortage of people not born into wealth who'd be willing to pull the trigger.

There is another mass shooting in the US.

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There is another mass shooting in the US.

It's not even fucking noon.

Outraged is feigned.

Guns are blamed.

Drugs are blamed.

Mental health is blamed.

Nobody has the fucking stones to blame Greed + Entitlement.

Nobody has the fucking stones to blame bullying.

Nobody has the fucking stones to blame racism.

Nobody has the fucking stones to blame the rising gap between eating out of a fucking garbage can and eating steak.

Nobody has the fucking stones to admit we are all MENTALLY DISORGANIZED.

The Talking Heads don't get to decide who is or isn't.

Desperation is running rampant.

Those with \$100,000 vehicles and \$10,000 watches blame the suffering on laziness.

Those with the \$100,000 vehicles and \$10,000 watches are just as mentally ill as the ones they blame for the suffering on the street.

Those with the \$100,000 vehicles and \$10,000 watches profit off the suffering of those less fortunate than them, with few, if any, of them, accepting they have had a hand in creating the mess – they need to make the mess – to keep the shit, they never deserved in the first place.

On the Morning Show they just announced Tax Season is ending and those of us who are lucky enough to get a tax refund...

Who the fuck is 'lucky' to get a tax refund?

I run into Leo on the street.

He thanks me for never treating him like garbage.

He thanks me for being honest.

He then tells me he saw me the other night at the AS Bar; he knows I bought a gun. I plead with him not to mention that to anyone. He assures me he won't. I buy him a drink. I express my sadness about Sue. A tear leaks from my left eye.

"Leo, I must run. Thanks for sitting with me."

"You're a good man," Leo says. "Give me the gun. Hundreds of people would like the world to be a kinder place. I'll pull the trigger. I think it must be the last thing I do to honour Sue."

There are hundreds of people willing to pull the trigger.

... ..

The Woman Inside | by M.T. Edvardsson.

When we hurt each other, what is going too far?

The wheels start spinning out of control. Desire is laced with deception. Death hits close to home. Addiction breaks a family apart, and six lives are on a collision course.

Edvardsson takes readers on a wild ride. I don't want to get off. The pages turn at a blistering pace. The hairs on my arms stand on end. Someone must pay. Everyone is suffering.

I make it to the end. Mouth agape, I'm not sure who won, if there was a winner at all?

The Woman Inside is a thrill ride that will leave you questioning how far is too far?

Today's Grammarly Readability Score = 85

*Lindsay – The Memoir (My Life on The Slush Pile) (Interview)*

**SLUSH PILES**

It's incredibly hard to become a discovered author when you are an unknown in a rapidly changing book world.



Everybody's story is worthy of a page or two, unfortunately not everyone is capable of telling their story. I am. So, I will never quit.

It's not only the literary world littered with *SLUSH PILES*.

Especially if you started out behind the eight ball.

(All of the following *SLUSH PILES* are only from my perspective)

**Scholastic**

A product of starting out *unwanted and illegitimate* the people in your life (consumed by the lie) don't care about how you do in school. Unwanted sees to that. Honour roll, failing grades, doesn't matter.

**Athletics**

I excelled. Mostly on my own. After my Junior and University football games, my father (not) talked about his son Don, not me.

**Love**

The fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment.

**Relationships**

The fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment. Fear of abandonment.

Career  
CAREER

In this case the fear of abandonment manifests itself in easily being preyed upon and being ripe to be used.

It also manifests itself in a fear of standing up for oneself.

There is no entitlement or privilege in *unwanted and illegitimate*.

At the start of COVID, I told my employer of 15-years the pandemic was worrisome (I was the most senior employee, both in age (sixty) and duration of service, I was a model employee). My employer immediately tossed me onto the *slush pile* with zero regard for the impact on my life. I've sought legal help. *Their counsel has called me a failed writer who has no business chasing my **dreams**.*

Seriously. I'm turning sixty-two, in July. The case is still being contended, glacially slow (twenty-five months and counting).

I'm lucky. I'm fucked up. But I will never quit trying. Our stories are too important, and at times, hilarious. They deserve to be told.

I must find a home for mine.

I can't stress enough: **HILARIOUS**.

What's the saying, comedy comes from illegitimate? → or something of that ilk?

I don't really like the word ilk.

Lindsay Wincherauk

**PostScript:** In a time where women's rights are being assaulted in the USA, again, and despite my less than auspicious beginnings, I am grateful I had an opportunity to share my thoughts on **We, Jane (Aimee Wall)**. The following is what a reader of my review thought about thoughts.

goodreads



Jodi posted a new comment on [Lindsay's review of We, Jane](#)

Lindsay, I'm in awe of your beautiful review and of your honesty. I'm sorry for the pain you may have gone through as a child, but I'm very happy that you seem to really 'get it'! If it's true that everything happens for a reason, your experience has perhaps given you the rare ability to see things from a woman's perspective, and that is very much appreciated. Thank you, Lindsay! 🙏